How Ursa Tamed the Monster
By Captain Falcon Punch
Edited by Yu May

[Editor's note. I was given permission by the author to edit and repost their story. I made changes to typographical and grammatical errors, and other minor corrections.]

[Author's note. If you're familiar with the show "Avatar, you might remember the episode "Zuko Alone" where Zuko has flashbacks to his childood. When Ursa hears Azula telling her brother Zuko that their father Ozai is going to sacrifice him, Ursa grabs Azula by the wrist and says "Time for a talk." We don't see what this "talk" entails, but we do know that Ursa somehow gets the truth out of willful Azula. How did Ursa do this? Why did she have to have this "talk" in private? I'll bet anything that nasty little Azula got a good spanking from Ursa. Here's what might have happened.]

Grabbing Azula by the wrist, Ursa marched her protesting daughter to Azula's private chamber.

Closing the door behind them, Ursa wasted no time. "All right, young lady, I want you to tell me the truth," she demanded.

"Tell you the truth about what?" Azula asked coyly.

"What did you tell Zuko about your father? What is Ozai going to do to your brother?"

"Nothing," Azula assured her, holding her hands together demurely and affecting a sweet smile. She looked as if she had been caught stealing sweets and was trying to charm her way out of punishment.

Ursa narrowed her eyes. "Azula, this is no game. Why is Zuko afraid his father is going to do something to him?" she warned as she lifted the princess and seated her on her bed.

Azula actually started swinging her legs back and forth, still trying to maintain the illusion of innocence, but she couldn't hide the resentment in her eyes.

"It's not true. I was just making up a story to tease Zuko. I'm sorry for lying, Mother. Please don't punish me!" she begged, but she didn't look at all frightened.

"I think you're lying now, Azula," sighed Ursa as she seated herself next to her willful daughter. "This is your last chance. Tell me what you told your older brother."

Azula laughed cruelly. "Oh, am I going to get a spanking? Please don't spank me Mommy! I'm telling you the truth," she pleaded, her voice full of irony.

Ursa was afraid this would happen. As a member of the royal family, Azula practically got away with anything, and had never once been whipped by her teachers at the Royal Firebending Academy for Girls, with the exception of Master Jeong Jeong, and he had never been allowed to instruct her again. Once, she had taken private lessons with the sword-master Piandao, and one day returned complaining that he had spanked her with the flat of his sword. However, she had shown such disrespect, even Ozai felt the punishment was fair. Shamed by her experience, Azula swore never to touch a sword again, and she was not forced to continue her lessons. Unlike those two bold men, the only time Ursa had tried to chastise Azula, she had failed to leave any impression.

Resolved to extract the truth from Azula, Ursa silently took her daughter's arms and gently laid her over her lap. "I have to give you a spanking, dear. Are you comfortable?" Ursa asked without thinking.

Azula turned to look over her shoulder, her eyes still sparkling as if this were only a game to her. "Isn't the whole point of a spanking to make me uncomfortable, Mother?" she asked simply, her voice full of bitter irony.

Ursa's only response was to raise her hand slowly, the sleeves of her red robe flowing gracefully down past her elbow. Suddenly, Ursa was reminded of the last time she had the princess in this position. Azula was only four, and Ursa had caught her tormenting a baby turtle-duck. Furious, she had bent her over roughly and immediately started smacking, Azula giggling the whole time. This time had to be different.

Ursa swung her hand down on Azula's thick pant seat. It was a solid swat, but Azula was tough, and only emitted a quiet, "Oop."

Not a very promising start, thought Ursa as she raised her hand higher for the next blow. Ursa carried on spanking Azula for a few moments, raising her hand higher each time. She was holding back only slightly, not wanting to be cruel even to Azula. After about six smacks, the palm of Ursa's hand was starting to sting, but Azula had gone quiet and was completely unresponsive. Furious with herself and with Azula, Ursa brought down her hand with her full strength, hoping to catch Azula off guard.

Smeck!

"Yih!" Azula squeaked, and she flinched slightly. That one had taken her by surprise, but Azula was still unimpressed. Ursa rained down five spanks of equal strength, and though each one earned a small cry from the resolute Azula, she lay quietly, obediently accepting her punishment without struggling or kicking. Ursa breathed a little harder as her hand rested on Azula's backside. Azula felt completely relaxed and wasn't even tempted to clench her legs. Looking back over her shoulder wickedly, Azula said, "I'm sorry Mother, but I can't tell a lie. Even if it means I get spanked for telling the truth. I told Zuko Dad was going to kill him. It was a mean prank and for that I apologize."

Calming down her breathing, Ursa glanced at her stinging red palm. It was clear that Azula was lying and able to persist any punishment. Ursa had failed.

Then she thought of her darling Zuko. If he was in danger, Ursa would need a confession from Azula in order to protect him.

“Haven’t I been punished enough, Mommy?” crooned Azula, her voice like poison honey.

Whap!

Azula yelped, and before she had a moment to catch her breath –

Whack!

Azula saw her mother raise her hand and swing it down before shutting her eyes.

Thwhack!

“No, Azula.”

Swat!

“You have not been punished enough.”

Smack!

“Young lady,”

Smack!!

“I will have no more lies!”

Smack!!!

Pinning Azula down, Ursa spoke her final sentence, punctuating each word with a stroke “I! Want! The! Truth!” And after uttering “truth,” Ursa struck a second time, and a third!

Spank!

SPANK!!

SPANK!!!

“Well?” Ursa paused to let her daughter respond.

Azula shot a venomous look over shoulder. “Go on, Mother! You can’t even fire bend! You aren’t hurting me at all! Do your worst!” She sounded more annoyed than afraid, and there wasn’t a hint of a tear in her eyes. Immediately, Ursa lifted Azula’s skirt and rumpled it roughly against her back, out of the way. Still steeling herself up for what she was about to do, Ursa slowly yanked down Azula’s thick pants, leaving her upturned posterior protected only by a thin layer of cloth, white fire silk, the rarest of its kind. Ursa could tell immediately that her daughter’s bottom was a cheerful shade of pink. Ursa raised her hand, about to rain down blows, but she hesitated.

Azula was right, after all. Ursa was not a particularly strong person, and she could not use fire bending to intimidate her daughter. When Master Jeong Jeong had disciplined Azula, he had produced an intense ball of flame in his hand, and rained it down quickly. Fire nation parents often reserved this punishment for their obstinate children when they had shown terrible disrespect. Each smack felt like having your backside held to a fire just long enough that it became uncomfortable. How could Ursa hope to frighten her daughter with such small, delicate hands? Even if she did possess great strength of arm, pain alone would not be sufficient to break Azula’s spirit. The willful girl might lie across her knee and be spanked for hours out of spite for her brother. Ursa didn’t know how much time she had to act. She needed to show her daughter that she meant business. Azula would not leave this position until she revealed the truth.

Ursa brought down her hand with only half of her strength. Azula felt the pat, and was confused. Even though it was just more than a love tap, Azula’s bottom stung ever so slightly. Her skirt and thick jeans had made a difference, she realized. No matter, she thought; this wouldn’t be pleasant, but she would weather it out. She might pretend to squirm and plead a little, but Azula would bite back her screams and her tears. Then she felt a chill.

Without lifting her hand, Ursa undraped Azula’s silk undergarments, leaving her rear end unclothed and completely unprotected. For an instant, Azula felt exposed, in more than one sense. Yes, her bare bum was pointed skyward, but Azula felt naked because she was at her mother’s mercy. There was literally nothing between her and her mother’s wrath. Instantly, Azula suppressed this feeling, but it was too late.

Ursa began spanking at a brisk, steady pace. Indignant, Azula forgot not to show any sign that the punishment was affecting her and began protesting angrily. “You dare! You dare to punish me in this way! I am a princess! No one bares the royal behind! Not even you! If only Father could see how you disgrace his daughter, the dishonor you subject me to! You would be the one being spanked then! I’ll have you stripped and whipped before the whole royal family, in full sight of everyone at the palace!” She kicked and punched, blue flames bursting from her fists and feet. Azula twisted around and aimed at her mother’s face, but Azula deftly caught her daughter’s arm, twisted it around into the small of her back, and continued paddling her daughter unperturbed. Azula’s behind was just small enough that it fit nicely in the curve of her

mother's hand, so Ursa did not have to alternate from cheek to cheek. Already, Ursa had left an imprint in the shape of her hand, which was a deep shade of pink.

When Ursa landed a resounding swat, Azula gasped, and as the stinging sensation faded, she forced a laugh. Not fooled, Ursa slowed the rhythm of her spanks. With each one, Azula laughed boldly. But after ten swats, her laughter grew more and more strained; after fifteen, it was impossible to tell whether she was laughing or crying; and after twenty swats, her laughter died, and she cried piteously with each stinging blow.

"All right! You win! I'll tell you the truth!" spat Azula, and Ursa ceased waling on her wailing daughter.

Still fighting back tears and breathing hard, Azula started to tell all. "When grandfather Azulon dismissed us so he could speak to father, Zuko and I doubled back and listened in behind the drapes." Azula paused, which was a huge mistake.

The moment she stopped, Ursa spanked her soundly. "Don't stop, Azula."

Azula was too frightened to think. Was her mother going to spank her again? She racked her mind, searching for the right words, but she was too late! Azula tensed every muscle in her body after feeling the second smack, straining to break her wrist from her mother's grip.

"Hold still!" ordered Ursa, bringing down her hand a third time. Whimpering, Azula twisted her arm free and shielded her fanny with both hands.

"Azula, remove your hands or I'll spank you again!"

The very second Azula complied, she felt such a sharp sting on her buttocks, she covered her backside again, protesting, "You said you wouldn't spank me if I put down my hands!"

"I will spank you if you keep resisting. And the moment you stop telling me the truth, I will continue spanking until you begin again."

"Just…Just give me a moment to catch my breath…"

"I am going to start counting. For every second you do not obey me, I will give you one swat. One! Two! Three!" Understanding her mother's intent, Azula dropped her hands and braced herself. After the third blow bounced off Azula's clenched buttocks, words poured from her mouth.

"Father asked Azulon to revoke Iroh's birthright, and choose him as successor to the throne. Grandfather was…furious." In the half-instant Azula took a breath before saying the word "furious," Ursa had raised her arm high. Catching this motion out of the corner of her eye, Azula quickly resumed her recount before her mother could resume her punishment. Ursa stopped

mid-swing, and her hand hovered menacingly and unswervingly a foot above its target. Never taking her eyes of the terrible hand, Azula stuttered, “He s-struck father with his firebending, That was when Zuko ran away.” Azula realized that the next sentence was the information her mother needed, and then this terrible ordeal would be over. Of course, when this thought occurred to Azula, she momentarily stopped talking, and Ursa picked up right where she had left off mid-swing. Physically, the stroke was only half as hard as Ursa’s strongest hit, but Azula was so intimidated that psychologically it felt like a searing lash. Two dull red spots had appeared in the center of each buttock, and were spreading rapidly.

“A-Azulon told father, ‘You must learn the pain of losing a first-born son by sacrificing your own.’”

Ursa’s eyes widened. “Ozai is going to – kill Zuko? He’s going to sacrifice my son?”

“I think…” said Azula timidly. She was normally so confident, but she was afraid to say anything that might spur her mother. Unfortunately, Ursa could not be placated.

Slap!

“When is this supposed to take place?”

“I don’t know.”

Slap! Clap! Whap!

“I swear I don’t know!” pleaded Azula. “I left the chamber after that. I swear, it’s the truth!”

Rage filling her eyes, Ursa whispered dangerously, “The truth? I’ve heard you use those words before, Azula. You knew your brother was in danger, your only brother, and you said nothing? Rather than tell me the truth, you were ready to accept a spanking, and let your brother die. That’s – that’s evil! You wicked girl! You monster!”

Roaring, Ursa spanked Azula with every ounce of strength she could muster. Azula winced, and a single tear stained her cheek. Azula didn’t even have time to scream before the next stoke landed. In an uncontrollable fury, Ursa started spanking as hard and as fast as she could. Azula started bawling, tears streaming down her chin. A bright red handprint stretched across her bottom, looking just like a flame.

Azula kicked so hard, one of her boots actually flew off her foot, and she started slipping off her mother’s lap. Her whole front torso was unsupported, and she held both her hands on the floor in front of her face. To keep her from falling off completely, Ursa caught her daughter’s legs with the hand she had been using for spanking, but continued spanking her now upside-down butt-end with her other hand.

After giving her a few swats in this unusual position, Ursa lifted her daughter back onto her lap and continued disciplining her without missing a beat. Azula finally gave up struggling, and lay silently across her mother's knees. Ursa spanked, and spanked, and spanked, until her arm was worn out. She had lost count long ago, but she had probably given Azula over thirty good, hard, spanks.

Breathing hard, Ursa's breast suddenly filled with guilt. She had lost her temper. The last time she had punished Azula this way, it had been for being cruel. Crying herself now, Ursa attempted to offer her daughter some comfort. "All right, Azula. We're finished. I – I want to give you a hug now. Once you put your pants back on, you can sit on my lap if you like."

She gently lifted the small, still body off her lap and set her down on the floor in front of her; Azula's head was bowed.

Lifting her eyes, Azula shot a hateful glance at her mother, and with a roar lashed at her with fire bending. Ursa instinctively shielded her eyes and ducked back, the burst of flame almost grazing her. Ursa grabbed both of Azula's wrists, lifted her into the air, and laid her right back into the spanking position across the bed. Azula's pants had dropped to the ground, and she kicked so hard her other boot went flying across the room.

"Don't you dare use your fire bending to try to hurt people!" Ursa shouted as she spanked her seven more times. Azula's entire rump was blushing scarlet.

A few seconds after her mother had finished, Azula started to stand up, but her mother pinned her down and administered a warning swat. "Hold it. This spanking is not over until I tell you it is over. You will remain in this position until I return you to your feet."

Ursa waited a moment to see if Azula would disobey her order. Satisfied, Ursa lifted her daughter into a standing position. The skirt fell back down, covering Azula's hindquarters. Furiously, Azula tried to rub away the sting, but she didn't dare attack her mother.

Ursa got down on one knee and stared her defiant daughter in the eyes. "I am going now, to see what I can do to save Zuko. If anything happens to your brother, because of you, Azula, we're going to come right back here, and you will get the spanking you really deserve. So, pray for your brother's safety, young lady."

Ursa stood and glided away. Cursing under her breath, Azula sat down on a hard, wooden stool in front of her mirror, ignoring the stab of pain in her sore, smarting, well-spanked backside. Azula was furious with herself; she had lost the battle of wills with her mother. Never again would she let anyone see her like that: crying, frightened, defeated. And next time, she wouldn't give her mother the chance to put her across her knee in the first place. She would fight back with all her fire bending.

But Azula never saw her mother again. She was told later that Azulon died that night, and that Ozai was to be crowned Fire Lord. Exactly what Ursa had done that night, Azula never knew, but Zuko was not sacrificed, and the queen had disappeared without a trace.

The End.